



Hammock Days

are coming. Here's a partial list of things to put you "in the swing."

Two-Piece Suits of proper cloth, color and cut, \$10 to \$30.

Sheltering Straws to keep your manly brow from freckling and your nose from getting hard-boiled, \$1 to \$4.

Low Shoes to let the air frisk about your ankles, \$3.50 to \$5.

Belts to surround you with comfort, 50c.

X-Ray Hose of transparent quality, 25c to \$1.

Jacobs & Levy

FINDS TAME DEER.

Helps Himself to Bucket of Water at Farm-House in Henrico County.

A deer that seemed to have been tamed, and which probably came from some one's private preserve, approached the house of Beverly Anderson, a well-known negro farmer, living near Fort Harrison Cemetery, Henrico county, on Monday afternoon. The animal helped himself to a bucket of water and did not attempt to run when Anderson approached.

If the deer belongs to some preserve the owner may communicate with Anderson through rural free delivery No. 5.

WAS NOT STOLEN.

Mr. Eggleston's Dress Suit Case Returned Intact.

Hon. Joseph D. Eggleston, Jr., Superintendent of Public Instruction, received his lost dress suit case by express yesterday. He does not know who sent it, but it was simply lost and not stolen, as upon unlocking it he found everything inside intact. Even his speech, which he had prepared for delivery on the trip he was making, was undisturbed, and as he failed to deliver it because it was lost for the time, he may use it on some other occasion.

The suit case was lost on a Chesapeake and Western train near Harrisonburg, Va. The superintendent was delighted when it turned up all right in his office yesterday.

Will Confer Fourth Degree.

The fourth degree of the Knights of Columbus will be conferred on a class of one hundred candidates this evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, at Masonic Temple, Grandmaster Dr. E. P. McDevitt, of Baltimore, will confer the degree, assisted by the degree corps of Washington, D. C., and after the degree work an elaborate banquet will be served.

Prominent members of the order from Virginia, Maryland and the District of Columbia will be in attendance. All candidates are requested to report at Masonic Temple not later than 6:30 P. M.

Dance in Barton Heights.

Miss Rosalie Shafer, of Barton Heights, gave a fancy dress ball Tuesday night in honor of the closing of her dancing class. The dance was given in the assembly hall, where a large crowd of young people was gathered to enjoy the occasion. Refreshments were served. The chaperons consisted of many of the parents of the children.

Stole Pair of Shoes.

Maria Quarles (colored) appeared before Magistrate George W. Thomas, of Henrico county, yesterday morning on the charge of stealing a pair of shoes from Henry Kidd, also colored. On account of lack of evidence the case was continued to 12 o'clock this morning.

REUNION POEMS

Written for the Times-Dispatch.

The Confederate Reunion.
(Inscribed to the City of Richmond.)
Richmond, awake! within thy pale
And those to-day who did not quail,
Nor basely cower,
When all those mighty armies lay
Around thee, holding them at bay
Till struck the hour,
When battle's din and shock arose,
Like lions springing on their foes
And then they came
From every field they dared compete
Until disorder and defeat
Completed the blow.

Heroic city of a past
Whose glory should forever last,
Nor cease to be
Whilst valor moves or courage stirs
The hearts of freedom's worshippers
While men are free
Reunion hour! what memories thine
Are deeds of daring which will shine
On history's page.
See! thou that wastest line of gray
That line made history that day
For every age.

Reunion hour! again arise
Those stirring scenes 'neath Southern
skies,
Long, long ago,
When Southern rose with courage
high
And flung banners to the sky
Rush'd on the foe.

Days when sad farewells were spoken,
Days when tenderest ties were broken
For native land;
Brave days when cowardice and shame
Were linked together, meant the same,
And wore the brand

Of infamy, which ever clings
To base poltroons when freedom sings
"To arms! To arms!"
The days when patriots arose
And dared the menace of their foes
And war's alarm

Aye, glorious days when Dixie came
When patriotism was aflame
In every one,
When greedy, grasping souls were few,
When men, and not the checks they
drew.

Were looked upon.
Veteran each reunion day
Brings back the hour you marched
away,
A heartless boy:
How mothers wept, and sisters cried,
And sweetheart that was promised
bride.

Gave up her joy,
With knapsack and a suit of gray,
O God, can we forget that day
While life shall last?
No! No! 'tis written to remain
Forever on our heart and brain
Till all is past.

And then the long, brave line of gray
All eager, burning for the fray,
I hear them yell
When Lee, our peerless leader gave
The signal to advance, the brave
Would charge on hell.

Listen comrades! you will hear
The sounds of battle once so near
At Malvern Hill, at Seven Pines,
The charge upon McClellan's lines
Comes back to-day.

And by the moonbeams' ghostly light
Our comrades dead with faces white,
In heaps they lie
With unshut eyes, whose glassy stare
Reveals the souls of men who dare
To do and die.

Ah, never to my latest breath
Can I forget those scenes of death
And courage grand;
When peerless Southern valor gave
A glorious lesson to the brave
Of every land.

'Tis out of such heroic dust
The tree of freedom springs and must
Do so forever.
Traitors! Perish such a thought,
Such men could not be treason taught,
Ah, never, never!

Oh that the grand heroic mus,
Were rampant now! It would transmute
In song sublime
Their daring deeds and send them
down
Growing in glory and renown
To end of time.

DUVAL PORTER.
The Confederate Reunion.
May 30, 1907.

They are marching to Virginia from

many a Southern home,
In the mingled sun and shadow of
the May;
To the Mother State left mourning,
Once more her heroes come,
From all the land that wore and
loved the gray.

With forms erect and stately, and with
courage full as true,
As upland them, worn and fainting,
In the fray.
The dear old boys have mustered, with
the campfires lit anew,
In Virginia—wearing, loving still,
the gray.

They meet again, as brothers, who have
loved and lost and mourned,
They meet, and who so sad and glad
as they?
Oh, the darkness of joy and sorrow—ever
rocking beyond—
In the soldier hearts that throbb
beneath the gray!

How proudly—with what reverence—
the sacred name of Lee
Falls from the lips that speak of
him to-day,
As never yet Commander was, nor is
nor e'er shall be
So spoken of, as Lee who led the
gray.

Exalted over victor, and greatest in
defeat,
They hold him now, as when, that
April day,
He broke their hearts at parting, with
words so brave and sweet,
Those loyal hearts beneath the tattered
gray!

And so, in old Virginia, a fair and
gallant host
(What though their ranks are
shrunk!) meet to-day
With cheers for those who linger, and
with tears for comrades lost,
Rejoicing some are left to wear the
gray!

MARIA NEWTON MARSHALL.
1861—1865.

(A Retrospect.)
Now, in the deepening twilight of life,
Look back on the deeds of other
days,
When a soul-stirring, but unequal
strife,
Called forth a world's amazement.

No cause had ever champions more
bold,
No soldiers ever drew more daring
breath,
Than when those bugles blew, those
drum-beats rolled,
"To victory or death."

Exalted aim had each brave Southerner,
Impelling onward, upward, through
the light,
To win and live, or else to fall and die,
For hearth and home and right.

Full often did the Starry Cross prevail,
And drive the invader backward in
dismay,
Breathless through battling, spent, dis-
ordered, pale,
And frantic from the fray.

Yet every battle won but sapped the
strength,
None were there to replace the lives
laid down,
When all is given, what is there left
at length,
To win the victor's crown?

Naught save the glory of a deathless
name,
That shall re-echo through all his-
tory's page,
Naught save the praise which nations
shall proclaim.

From age to further age,
Richmond, Va., May 29, 1907.

Jeb. Stuart.
A cavalier he was of gentler blood,
A Stuart royal in the list of men,
One, who the bloody tide of war with-
stood,
And grappled death ere all was lost,
but when
The bugle sounded, foremost led the
way,
With "E Pluribus Unum" in the furious
fray.

Unveil his statue—see his noble mien,
With gaze alert, where stands his
country's foe,
No braver knight in joust was ever
seen.

More worthy or more daring we may
know,
He seemed a very Mars, a God of War,
Our darling, white-plumed Henry of
Navarre.

Then were the war-clouds tinted red
from flaming fires of earth,
And thunders rolled as came the clash
of men of noblest worth!
Ab, then the clanging chargers
neighed to combat's mighty road,
As brave faced brave upon the sands
of the angelic shore.

Then were the tears of mother-hearts
as raindrops in the land,
And sisters' wail and widows' griefs
bade sun in heavens stand!
And from the South, as from the North,
the crushing chariot rolled,
God's own face grew cold!

But, lo! from Appomattox's field I
heard a rush of song:
"Peace! peace! O, glorious peace!"
on winds fair borne along!
Peace! peace! O, precious peace! from
Shiloh to the Father, God of our
Fathers! Praise, praise to Thee!

Then, stacking of the weary guns; the
muffling of the drum;
The sheathing of the glads of war;
the heroes homeward come;
And from Pacific's ocean shore to
Atlantic's strand,
With olive branch, a white dove wings
o'er the Motherland!

And now again, in Southland fair, in
North, in East, in West,
A hundred million loyal hearts do
wreath in flowerest blest,
The halo of the heroes gone—sweet
sleeping 'neath the sod—
Whose spirits pure men review
before the Most High God!

• • • • •
Toll low and sweet the sainted bells,
and, as their songs arise
To where the hosts we loved on earth
are soldiers in the skies,
Bow low, and on these sacred graves a
fragrant laurel lay.
And ask: "O God, our Father, may we
clasp their hands and hearts
—WILLIAM FRANCIS MANNIX.

THE LAST CONFEDERATE.
BY LASALLE CORNELL PICKETT.
"Taps" has sounded slowly, sadly over
many a soldier's grave,
Where the Southern sunlight lingers
and the Southern willows wave;
And where icy winds sweep over sum-
mits of eternal snow
Comrades of our South are sleeping
'neath the North Star's vivid
glow.
Where the bold Atlantic billows in ma-
jestic power roll
Where the waves of calm Pacific softly
kiss the Golden Shore,
They are resting, wrought heroic part,
Safely sheltered from the battle in the
earth's warm, loving heart.

As the years glide swiftly onward
down the long, dim slope of time,
And the bells of life's progression ring
their deep and solemn chime,
They are passing from our circle to the
soul's fair home above.

Ah, comrades, tho' that meteor flag is
faded,
It made a record which can never
fade,
'Tis woven round with deeds that grace
the world.

And make it glorious—round it
gleams the blade of death,
Of Lee, of Jackson, Stuart, stainless,
bright,
Furled in defeat, 'twas ever for the
right.

HERBERT L. WORTHINGTON.
Norfolk, Va., May 28, 1907.

Our Hallowed Dead.
(Memorial Day, 1907.)
Once more I hear, through all our land,
the tread of countless feet,
A-march to mounds where lie the brave
'neath springtime's grasses sweet,
Where sleep Columbia's fallen sons,
who fought with Grant and Lee,
And now in Heaven-land do chant One
Nation's minstrelsy.

Dark days were they, when chivalry
rode forth to carnage grim;
When brother sought the brother's
heart, and in his battle hymn
Called "E Pluribus Unum"—the
winning of the fray—
When Trojan blood of kindred States
bestained the Union's clay.

Then were the war-clouds tinted red
from flaming fires of earth,
And thunders rolled as came the clash
of men of noblest worth!
Ab, then the clanging chargers
neighed to combat's mighty road,
As brave faced brave upon the sands
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jestic power roll
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kiss the Golden Shore,
They are resting, wrought heroic part,
Safely sheltered from the battle in the
earth's warm, loving heart.

As the years glide swiftly onward
down the long, dim slope of time,
And the bells of life's progression ring
their deep and solemn chime,
They are passing from our circle to the
soul's fair home above.

Absent from our earthly vision—ever
present in our love,
They are missing from our campfires
where the comrades gladly
meet.

Where old memories come thronging
from the far past, sad and
sweet,
And we listen—listen—listen for their
voices soft and low,
And we dream we hear them calling in
the tones of Long Ago.

One by one their voices answer to the
roll-call from on high,
And our saddened hearts gaze upward
with Faith's clear, insistent eye,
As we strive to pierce the curtain that
the hand of Death has drawn,
Hiding from our sight the breaking of
the soul's bright morning dawn.

Thus our ever-living circle misses
many a ringing voice,
Whose glad tones in past reunions
made our loving hearts rejoice;
And our hands are groping vainly for
the once familiar clasps.

Of the cherished friends who met us
with a warm and kindly grasp,
Some day one alone will linger on
Time's narrow cloud-veiled shore,
In one heart alone will echo voices of
the loved of yore.

One alone will fondly cherish those
long-gone heroic days
When on heights of life's eternal 'e'en
the vanquished were the brave,
One will turn and, gazing downward,
see the sabre's lightning flash,
One will listen—listen to the cannon's
deadly crash.

On the dim past's lost horizon that
proud Nation of our dream
In transcendent splendor rises for one
loyal soul shall gleam.

One will be the last to linger, clasping
hands with a showy dim,
As the western sun drops downward
'neath the far horizon's rim.
Of the comrades of the Southland
which fondly we will miss,
That will hold in tender reverence
sacred memories of the past?

What lone spirit thrill with echoes of
the songs we used to sing,
As with hope and faith we waited for
the triumph Time should bring?
Who will hear with leaping pulses that
melodious refrain
That rang out to greet our banner with
its wild tumultuous strain?

As our band grows smaller—smaller
with the passing of the years,
As new graves are sadly counted that
the South bedews with tears,
I am looking to the future for the
surely coming day
When the last Confederate Comrade
will have passed from time away;
When the Southern sod shall cover the
last heart that proudly beat
To the right of Southern music and the
tread of Southern feet;

And the Stars and Bars shall sadly
droop above the lowly grave
Of the last who in life's morning saw
its folds in battle wave.

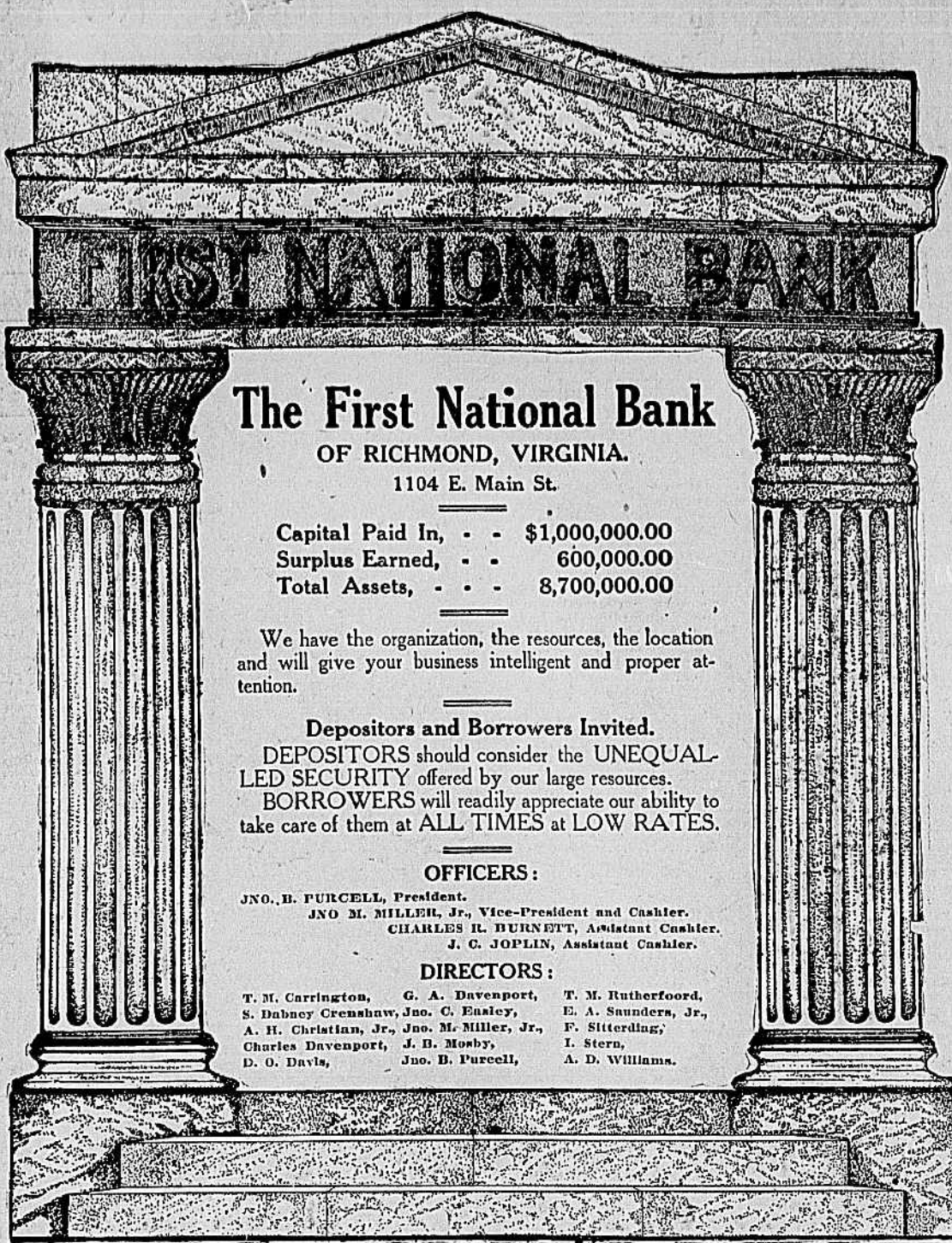
Our Beloved Chieftain at Rest,
(Written at the time of Mr. Davis's
Death.)
The casket had a levior plate, upon
which is the single inscription,
"Jefferson Davis At Rest,"

Full of grief-laden years, he has passed
to the tomb;
But as his portals unfold,
Immortality's lamp shines bright 'mid
the gloom.
And Memory, as sentinel, watches his
tomb,
And the laurel beside it bursts forth
into bloom.
And Peace breathes "At Rest" to his
soul.

At rest from the battlefield's fearful
array,
Where he bled for the Union he
loved;
At rest Duena Vista and fierce Mon-
terey
His genius and prowess won for us the
day.
And wreathed 'round his temples a
chaplet of bay
His slanderers ne'er have removed.

At rest from the Cabinet's council of
State
Where he faithfully served thro' the
strife.

WON'T MIND THE HEAT if the
nerves and body have the strength sup-
plied by Horsford's Acid Phosphate—a
delicious summer tonic.



The First National Bank

OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

1104 E. Main St.

Capital Paid In, - - \$1,000,000.00
Surplus Earned, - - 600,000.00
Total Assets, - - - 8,700,000.00

We have the organization, the resources, the location
and will give your business intelligent and proper at-
tention.

Depositors and Borrowers Invited.

DEPOSITORS should consider the UNEQUAL-
LED SECURITY offered by our large resources.
BORROWERS will readily appreciate our ability to
take care of them at ALL TIMES at LOW RATES.

OFFICERS:

JNO. B. PURCELL, President.
JNO. M. MILLER, Jr., Vice-President and Cashier.
CHARLES R. BENNETT, Assistant Cashier.
J. C. JOPLIN, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

T. M. Carrington, G. A. Davenport, T. M. Rutherford,
S. Babney, Chesapeake, Jno. C. Easley, E. A. Saunders, Jr.,
A. H. Christian, Jr., Jno. M. Miller, Jr., F. Stierding,
Charles Davenport, J. B. Mosby, I. Stern,
D. O. Davis, Jno. B. Purcell, A. D. Williams.

Though the great Cause was lost,
Its record shines as stars above;
Fragrant memories of the lives it cost
Are in loyalty's immortal love.
—KATHLEEN DON LEAVY.

The Confederate to Their Battle Flag.
(Poem Sent to a Richmond Friend.)
Tumultuous tossed on battle's storm,
Where death and glory wed,
We love that banner, and our blood
Hath dyed its every thread.

And when that flag was beaten down,
Forever and for aye,
Within our aching heart of hearts
We folded it away.
THOMAS M. FOLKES.
Vicksburg, Miss.

WANTED

A large and successful Life In-
surance Company desires the ser-
vices of an energetic representative
for this county. To the proper per-
son a contract will be offered that
will result in building up an in-
creasing income each year. A splen-
did opportunity for the right man.
Address, with references, confiden-
tially,
P. O. Box 543,
Richmond, Va.

Smithdeals

Is the oldest Business College in Virginia, and first to erect a building of
its own—one of the finest in Richmond. By refusing to resort to exagger-
ated claims and improper promises to get students, it has forged to the
front among schools of its kind.
Knowing that you have conducted for many years the leading Busi-
ness College of the South, we determined to write to you, in order to secure
your services.—J. A. Duell, Pres. Bus. Section, Minnesota Educational As-
sociation. "The leading Business College south of the Potomac River."—
Philadelphia Stenographer. "When I reached Richmond, I inquired of sev-
eral business men for the best Business College in the city, and without
exception they all recommended Smithdeals as the best."—Wm. E. Ross,
Law Stenographer and Lawyer, Richmond, Va.
Commercial, Stenographic, Telegraphic, English Departments.
For particulars address or call on
G. M. SMITHDEAL, President,
Ninth and Broad Streets, Richmond, Va.

C. LUMSDEN & SON,

Jewelers and Silversmiths.

STERLING SILVER FOR SPRING BRIDES.

Tespoons, dozen, \$7.00 and upwards. Dessert Spoons or Forks, dozen,
\$18.00 upwards. Tablespoons or Forks, dozen, \$28.00 upwards. Dish, each,
\$3.50 to \$7.50. Candlesticks, each, \$5.00 to \$20.00. Vases, each, \$5.00 to \$50.00.

CHESTS OF SILVERWARE.

Handsome Oak or Mahogany Chest, with lock and key, containing FIVE
DOZEN PIECES—Table and Dessert Forks, Table, Tea and Dessert Spoons,
\$100 and upward.

Chests of different combination and for a larger and greater number of
pieces at prices to correspond.

731 Main Street.

Lumsden always welcomes a comparison of prices.

The South's Greatest Furniture Store

JÜRGENS

Adams and Broad Streets.

This ad. was submitted by Mrs. F. M. Reade, who received a \$100 certificate in the contest



Maybe there's another Beethoven or Mozart in your home

In childhood these musical talents are
best cultured, trained and expanded. Per-
haps your little son or daughter, niece or
nephew, has just such a genius to be
nursed into brilliancy. Many and many a
person have great musical talent—but they
have never had the opportunity to de-
velop it.

To such as these no other gift fosters so many benefits as does a new instrument when
selected from

The Celebrated Cable Line

Our Pianos are the very essence of perfect music. They possess superior melody. They
excel in tone and silvery tunefulness all other makes. Our Pianos are such as you'll find
no fault with twenty-five years from now. And remember that no other gift—nothing that
you can choose for "the coming master artists"—will be so lasting, so monumental of the
glorious feeling which prompted the giving.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our music-room, where we have for your
inspection and criticism such world-famed instruments as—

Mason & Hamlin,
Conover,
Cable,

Kingsbury,
Wellington,
DeKoven.

We are distributors and selling agents for the popular MASON & HAMLIN and the
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGANS, the IMPERIAL PIANO-PLAYER and the KINGS-
BURY SELF-PLAYING PIANO.

OUR TERMS.—Easy payments, arranged to suit your own convenience.

We Sell
Victor
Talking
Machines.
Easy Terms

The Cable Co.
RICHMOND, . . . VIRGINIA

Sheet
Music
and
Small
Instruments